Transformers Loops

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The Transformers and their endless wars are now part of the loops. May Yggdrasil handle it safely.

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Vectored In

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1.0 by Crisis

Vector Prime knew that something was wrong with reality. He'd known it for a while now.

For one thing, he was now even more aware of and able to enter other dimensions. Which led to him realizing that the multiverse he was a part of seemed to have unexpectedly... shrunk for lack of a better term. Oh, the myriad of realities were still there, but only a handful were... 'active' at any given time. Often just one or two, but sometimes it could reach as many as half a dozen at once.

Which led to the other fact he'd come to realize. Time was resetting itself every so often. Events would reach a point and then start over from an earlier point and repeat themselves. There were changes of course, which was to be expected, but the implications were clear.

"Safeguard," he told his minicon companion, the only other being in the multiverse who was privy to his knowledge, "I have concluded that time itself has somehow been damaged, perhaps even broken. We must locate the cause and affect a solution before matters get worse."

"Yeah," an unknown voice penetrated the void outside time and between dimensions that Vector Prime resided in, "I'd advise against that."

The guardian of time and space turned to behold... a human female? Of odd appearance, to be sure – he deduced it was the 'punk' fashion some humans liked, complete with numerous metal bits

threaded through selected areas of flesh – but still an impossibility in his location. Humans were not designed to be able to survive in this area unaided.

"What are you?" he asked the interloper, Safeguard beeping a similar sentiment.

"My name is Pandora," the female announced.

"The woman from human myth who opened the box containing all the world's ills?" Vector raised an eyebrow.

"It was a pithos," the Pandora entity crossed her arms and huffed, "a type of jar. Honestly, someone mistranslates something once and you hear about it for eternity. But, yes, that's me."

"I am curious as to how you have lived this long if you are indeed she," Vector inquired. "I was under the impression that human lifespans were much shorter."

"My 'parents', depending on how you want to define the term, realized what a raw deal I'd gotten and arranged for me to ascend to the divine level and become a god instead of the pantheon's personal whipping mortal," the woman claimed. "Not that it's done my reputation any good... Sure, the head gods told me not to open the damn thing, but they also cursed me with a compulsion to do exactly what they'd told me not to. It was like a burning itch every time I saw the damn thing until I couldn't take it anymore. I'd have accepted being eaten alive just to finally freaking know what was in it. Not that they told 'mom' and 'dad' that's what I was meant for when they ordered my 'parents' to make me out of clay."

"My apologies," Vector offered.

"Sorry," Pandora accepted. "It's still a touchy subject with me, but I shouldn't take it out on you. Anyway, I'm the divine-level administrator, god for short, assigned to your multiversal 'branch' of

Yggdrasil. That's the world tree or the computer, however you prefer to think of it, that contains and runs all of creation."

"Indeed," Vector prodded.

"Yep," the self-proclaimed god nodded. "And I'm sorry for popping down unannounced, but you were about to do something... ill-advised. And believe me, I know ill-advised."

"I was merely intending to locate and correct whatever anomaly has caused time to be broken," the ancient transformer declared.

"Yeah, that," Pandora informed him. "Look, I know it's hard for someone like you to swallow, but you can't fix this. You're, what, a four-dimensional existence? Three and a half? While you're feeling the effects, the actual problem is... significantly higher up the chain. Around my level of dimensional existence."

"And that is?" Vector inquired.

"I'm not allowed to say," Pandora told him. "No, really. I'm physically incapable of speaking the words while I'm down here. Part of the geas in my job description I have to agree to if I wanna zip myself up small enough to enter your universe."

Vector gave the woman an unbelieving look.

"Okay," she sighed. "Think of it like this. Your boys Primus and Unicron, they're a much bigger existence than you are, right?" At Vector's nod, she continued. "So big, in fact, that they have to act through avatars of themselves to pretty much do anything. In essence, they fit inside your reality, but only just. Me and the other admins are even higher than that. If we want to come down and talk to people like you, we've gotta zip-up our essence into a smaller dimensional package or we won't fit period."

"What you say makes sense," Vector admitted, "but it does not explain why I shouldn't fulfill my duty as the guardian of time and

space and work to correct this anomaly."

"Because you can't see it," Pandora insisted. "And even if you could, you can't comprehend it. Any more than a theoretical one-dimensional being could comprehend what you are. The problem's on a higher plane of existence. And even if all that wasn't an issue, you're not experienced or trained enough to where you could make a positive difference anyway. I and the other admins are."

"And what are you doing to fix the anomaly that is causing time to repeat itself?"

"Er..." Pandora hedged. "The Loops, which is the phenomena of repeating time you mentioned, is the fix. Or they at least prevent things from getting worse while we work. They're a last-ditch fail-safe to keep reality running and not collapsing into non-existence while we fix the real problem. You see, Yggdrasil was damaged by... something. Very badly. The Loops are the only thing keeping the system running right now. Stopping them would be bad."

Vector stood silent for a moment as he turned the information over in his mind. There was no evidence that she was correct, but nor was there any that she was incorrect. Proceeding in any fashion without further information would be ill-advised. Still, if reality had been broken that badly...

"What is it that Unicron did?" he asked the supposed goddess.

"Huh?" Pandora looked confused. "Unicron? Nothing. The office has known about him and what he's capable of since your branch was new. We've got all sorts of safeguards in place to prevent known quantities from doing the kind of damage to reality that happened. Especially ones like Unicron. So, really, we don't know exactly what, or who, is responsible for the current mess."

"So what should I do then?" Vector Prime asked the woman. "You have dissuaded me, at least until further information has been obtained, from seeking my own solution to the matter. But I remain

the guardian of time and space. The integrity and stability of the multiverse is part of my duties."

"I know!" Pandora exclaimed cheerfully. "You're the first Anchor with actual experience relevant to the position!"

"Anchor?" Vector's confusion got the better of him.

"Oh, right," Pandora blinked. "I didn't mention that yet. Anyway, to fuel the Loops, Anchors are needed. Preferably one per branch, but some branches had to be divided into sections each with their own Anchor. But that's another matter. Anyway, you're the Anchor for your entire branch of Yggdrasil. Essentially, you are the pillar holding up you branch so it doesn't collapse into nonexistence. Plus you're the first Anchor we've been able to use to run multiple iterations with! Of course, I had to pull dad away from trying to activate his own branch to code it up for me, but still... I think he liked the challenge though. And he needed to step away from trying to untangle the current mess he's saddled with for a bit anyway."

Vector Prime blinked, a question forming in his processor, but the woman interrupted.

"Oh, you don't need to worry about dying," she told him. "Worst that'll happen is the current Loop iterations terminate early and a new Loop begins a bit sooner than usual. Heck, you could be physically erased or blow up the whole universe and Wake Up just fine for the next time. Though we'd prefer you avoid causing temporal paradoxes. Yggdrasil's system doesn't quite handle those as well as it did before it was damaged. You and your branch would be fine of course, but it means more paperwork I really don't need to be filling out. So just stay metaphysically stable and as sane as you can manage. Oh, and don't ever ascend to the divine level. Your dimensional level would be too big to fulfill your position as an Anchor and basically cause your whole branch to collapse into nonexistence."

"Actually, I was going to ask 'why me?'," Vector informed the woman. "Why not Primus himself? Or even Vector Sigma? Surely both would

be better choices."

"Well," Pandora considered her answer for a moment, "remember how I said Primus only just fits in your branch? He may be a small enough dimensional existence to fit as-is, but he's still too big a dimensional existence to arrange the way he'd need to be to Anchor your branch. And Vector Sigma's technically part of Primus, so that's a double strike. Even if the portion was small enough to position correctly, only a full entity is... let's say 'structurally sound'... enough to hold up reality."

"And I take it I shall be the only one who remembers what happens in these Loops?" Vector asked, only for Safeguard to beep accusingly at him. "And my trusted companion of course."

"Huh?" Pandora looked confused. "Oh, no. Not at all. Actually, because of how dad had to code you as an Anchor there are a few additional loopers already Awake and retaining memories and abilities of the Loops they were Awake for. Because that's one of the things the Loops let you do. Keep any memories or abilities you gain while Awake in them. Did I not mention that?"

"No," Vector informed her flatly. "No you did not."

"Eh, I've always been a little scatterbrained," Pandora shrugged. "It's a remnant of how I was wired when I was mortal. Drives mom up the wall. I think dad kind of relates though. Any other questions?"

"Who all could... Awaken to these Loops?" Vector inquired. "I hope not Unicron. He is dangerous enough as it is."

"Oh, no," Pandora waved the idea off. "He can't actually Awaken, but he's definitely Aware the Loops are happening. Him and Primus both. It's not something we could really hide from beings at their level. Beyond that... Heck, just about anyone really. Unexpected side effect of how dad coded the special settings that let you run multiple iterations at a time. We're not gonna be allowed to do that with any other branch I don't think. That answer everything?"

"I believe so," Vector admitted. "For now at least. In all actuality this may prove to be a reduction in my duties for the duration of these 'Loops'."

"Sweet!" Pandora grinned. "So, what are we gonna do first?"

Vector Prime blinked at the declaration. "Do you not have your duties to return to?"

"I'm on break," Pandora kept grinning. "For the rest of the Loop. Divine Union rules."

"Even so," Vector maintained, "I must still maintain my post as guardian of–"

"Ut-ut-ut!" the goddess interrupted. "You said it yourself. 'Reduction in duties'. You don't need to stay here all the time any more. And besides, the Loops are for trying new things and meeting new people! So let's get out there and make friends with all the good ones and bust up all the bad ones!"

Safeguard chirped his agreement.

"Et tu, my friend?" Vector stared at his mini-con companion. "Oh, very well. However, miss Pandora, I do not think your human incarnation is suitable for the battle zones we are likely to enter."

"Okay, give me a moment," the goddess stated before dissolving into light, and reappearing a moment later in a larger Cybertronian body.

The form was sleek and very feminine, while maintaining the... attitude... of her human avatar. And if Vector didn't miss his guess, her alternate form was a spaceship of some sort.

"How's this?" she winked at him, causing the ancient transformer to smile slightly and shake his head in surrender.

"It'll do."

1.1.1 by Starvos_Arcane, Crisis, Conceptulist

"He followed me home!" Ditzy Doo chirped happily at Princess Twilight Sparkle as most of Ponyville cowered back in their homes away from the wall-eyed pegasus's newest friend. "Can I keep him?"

"I suppose that depends on what Mr... What was your name again?" the newly ascended alicorn (well, newly ascended this Loop anyway) nervously asked the giant metal tyrannosaurus rex.

"Me Grimlock!" the robot dinosaur bellowed. "Me meet friendly muffin pony in forest! Muffin pony nice to Grimlock! Grimlock want to stay with muffin pony!"

'Oh, boy,' Twilight mentally groaned as she tried to figure out how much collateral damage Ponyville was going to suffer this Loop.

"Me Grimlock be... am... Me Grimlock am being very... muchly..."

"I am the very model of a Robot Dino-General."

"...purple pony stress Grimlock processors."

1.2 by KageX

"Well this is new"

As the memories of his current "baseline" in this loop came into focus he could only reflect on one thing.

"As if people comparing me to Optimus was not bad enough".

And so the former dock worker known as Hot Rod took up the mantle of "Rodimus Prime" to do battle with the newly risen Decepticon Army.

1.3 by Zap Rowsdower

Bumblebee was confused. They had woken up from five million years of stasis lock only days ago, and Optimus Prime had spent the entire time pouring over the Ark's safety systems, building weapons and retrofitting himself with... something. He hadn't left to help fend off the Decepticon attack on that oil rig - uncharacteristically single-minded of him. He'd even been on Teletran 1 several times, talking to the troops back on Cybertron, although nobody had managed to hear what he was actually saying.

"So, Optimus, what are you doing, exactly?"

Optimus' faceplate twitched. To a stranger, it may have looked like nothing; to one familiar with the Autobot commander, it was clearly a grin.

"What, and ruin the surprise? Teletraan 1 says the Decepticons are attacking Sherman Dam. Autobots, you'll find your new equipment on the table by the main exit. Transform, and roll out!"

The battle had been devastating. The entire Decepticon army lay broken on the ground, twitching and sparking. Soundwave, twitching occasionally from fried circuits, was tending to his Casseticons like a worried mother; the Seekers were scattered about like autumn leaves. Reports from Cybertron were already coming in, relayed from Soundwave by radio inbetween tender ministrations to the wounded Ravage; the battle on Cybertron, stalemate for eons, was lost. Megatron, his weapons malfunctioning and his voice warbling, could barely speak, but forced it nevertheless.

"Optimus, I... surrender. The war is yours. Cybertron is yours. I offer to let you rebuild us as non-combat models, like yourselves, if only you will repair my people from this nightmare you've unleashed, and swear an oath upon the Matrix that, like the humans, we shall ban chemical weapons. In any case, this makes it clear that civilian model equipment such as yours is by far the superior weapon."

Again, Optimus Prime's faceplate twitched in a grin. His voice sounded slightly odd, as if he was suppressing laughter.

"Why, certainly, Megatron. I thought you'd never ask. Fire-retardant foam is truly a terror, I can only wonder why my researchers never thought to make active use of it before - but we won't again."

'This loop', Optimus added mentally.

"Autobots, transform and roll out to Washington, we have formal terms of surrender in need of a third party government to moderate and we've got trade deals for energy to make! When we're finished, you're all free to return to civilian life and take a much needed vacation- I can't wait to spend a few stellar cycles at that resort on the Sea of Rust!"

Naturally, reactions were a mix of baffled gaping stares and cheers, from both Autobot and Decepticon alike.

1.4 by OathtoOblivion

Carnage. That was all that was seen on the battlefield as Bruticus rampaged. Optimus ducked under blaster fire and took cover next to Ironhide. "Blast! Without the Aerialbot or the Protectobots, we're at a severe disadvantage! Where's Wheeljack with his secret project?!"

Ironhide was about to reply, when he noticed what was coming up behind them. "Uh... Prime? You may want to look behind you." Optimus turned... and saw the Dinobots in their Beast Modes. But only four of them were currently there, and they looked a bit different. It was then that Wheeljack ran up. "Prime! It took some doing, but I managed to refit a Combiner system into the Dinobots! It's untested though, so I have no idea what may happen!"

Optimus considered this, before a blast from Bruticus blasted into their cover. "We don't have many options, Wheeljack. It'll have to do." He then turned to the refitted Dinobots. "Dinobots, now would be an opportune to use the Combiner system."

Grimlock nodded. "Me Grimlock agree, Optimus. Snarl! Swoop! Slag! It time!" The four Dinobots got into formation and yelled, "Raiden

Kamitsuki Gattai!"

Together, they combined and proceeded to lay into Bruticus. Unbeknownst to Optimus and the others though, the shared personality of Raiden Kyoryuzin had inherited Grimlock's propensity for Spark-songs, and started singing.

1.5 by KrisOverstreet

"Wheeljack... no. Just no."

"But Optimus," the Autobot in question said, "Mad Scientist me said, 'The goodwill of Earth's government is nice and all, but what about product placement?' And the majority vote of the rest of us said it was a good idea."

Optimus Prime looked at his doppelganger, hands on hips. His face shield was set in a position of unmistakable disapproval.

"Pepsi Convoy? Really?"

"You would not BELIEVE the dough those guys put up."

The truck in front of them revved its engines and honked its horn. The oversized soda bottle on its trailer gleamed in the desert sun.

"Wheeljack, when was the last time you saw that therapist? I thought she was making progress."

"Can't get an appointment with her before the Loop ends. She's booked sold." Wheeljack leaned over to his boss and whispered, "You may not have noticed this, boss, but there aren't that many of us, Autobots or Decepticons, playing with a full DLL."

Optimus couldn't argue with such a blatant truth, so he remained silent.

"Besides, what's the problem? If you're feeling left out, this Earthling restaurant chain named Burger King left me a contract- they want

you to do a TV ad for them."

Optimus counted to ninety-one. Remember, he thought, Bounty Hunter Wheeljack is the sanest out of all the voices in that head...

The couch was very, very, very large. So was its occupant.

"All I really want is a little respect for my skills," Starscream said. "I don't even want to be leader that badly, except it's the only way to prove you're any good. Anywhere else in the hierarchy, your superiors take credit for your work and blame you for their faults. I know I've played that game- and played it well, too," he said with a little bit of pride. "But in the end it just leaves me feeling... hollow inside."

The analyst took down notes, but less than half her mind was on the putatively evil robot's ramblings. More than half was on the fact that she was in her fourth warehouse-clinic in two months. Psychoanalyzing Transformers might be a lucrative job, but it was also very, very destructive. Granted, the destruction of her last office had been her fault. Group therapy for the Stunticons had turned out to be a truly horrible idea...

1.6 by OathtoOblivion, Crisis, Conceptulist

Grimlock sighed. Interviews for more Dinobots weren't going too well. "*sigh*, Grimlock sorry Mecha-Godzilla, but you no qualify to be Dinobot. You Kaijin and you no can transform. Me Grimlock appreciate effort you put in though, so you can be reserve Dinobot, that okay?" The silver Godzilla copy hung his head and mumbled "O-K," before lumbering off.

Grimlock shook his head. Ever since he, Swoop, Snarl and Slag had Looped into Zyuden Sentai Kyoryuger as the Zyudenryu and gotten a much better Combiner Form than... THAT MONSTROSITY, they had been attempting to build up the ranks of the Dinobots so that they could pull off all of the Combinations. The Dinobots as a whole tended to Loop into other Dino-mecha related areas rather

frequently, so he was hoping to have all of them active in a Kyoryuger Loop. But without someone to fill Zakutor's slot, they wouldn't be able to use Gigant Kyoryuzin! And that was eating at him significantly. He looked down at his schedule; one more appointment for the day before he had to pack it up. "Next!" he called out.

The door opened an in came... a Velociraptor? He looked a bit different from the agreed on version of one though; no feathers and human-sized. "Who you?" asked Grimlock.

The Velociraptor smirked, and input his transformation activation code. "Dinobot, Maximize!"

Grimlock arched a servo. "'Maximize'? You a Maximal. What you doing in G1 loop?"

Dinobot shrugged. "It's a Fused Loop; weirder things have happened."

Grimlock considered this. "True. Now, what make you think you can be Dinobot... other than obvious?"

Dinobot's smirk began to turn to a look of condescension as Grimlock spoke. "Well, besides the name, I am a bit of an intellectual. A trait I believe I would be a valuable asset in increasing the overall effectiveness of the Dinobots as it appears to be something currently lacking."

Grimlock got very quiet at that. So, the prospective hire wanted to play it that way did he?

"I know not how you became the leader of such a decorated outfit. I graduated top of my class from the finest military academy on Cybertron. What about..." Dinobot trailed off as the immense form of Grimlock stood and drew himself to his full height, "...you?"

Grimlock loomed over the maximal who had come in to apply for membership and instead insulted his intelligence. He then did

something he hadn't done for a long, long, long time. He diverted a large amount of processing power to his voicebox.

"Do you know how much effort it takes for me to speak like this, little maximal?" the leader of the Dinobots spoke with perfect grammar. "How much focus I must put forth in order to overcome the one true flaw in my body? My speech is often slurred, plebeian, and in the third person, but make no mistake that the mind behind it is as keen as any you have ever met or ever will. I am not the general of the Dinobots solely for my strength and you would do well to remember it."

"I... Yes sir," Dinobot replied with utmost respect and sincerity. "An honor, sir."

"Good," Grimlock stated as he sat down and returned his systems to normal. "Other bots think Grimlock stupid. Grimlock let them make mistake. Is good tactical asset. But you want join Dinobots, and Dinobots know better. Now, what make you Dinobot qualified for membership?"

"Well, I DO have a rather extensive resume I created expressly for this occasion," the maximal said, bringing out... a scrapbook?

Grimlock looked at him strangely, before opening the book. His lenses refocused as he saw what was in the book, before he started laughing uncontrollably. "AH HAH HAHAH HA! Me Grimlock love this... This... pure gold!"

Dinobot continued to smirk. "I thought you might appreciate it. I specifically recommend the third one on the right on page 15." Grimlock turned to the appropriate page and began laughing even harder.

"HAH! Brilliant!" Grimlock laughed, wiping some leaking oil from his visor. "Alright. You convince Grimlock! Welcome to Dinobots, Dinobot!" They shook hands to commemorate the occasion.

"Ah yes, I did have one more thing to talk about in regards to my application."

"What that?"

"I once beat the Energon out of a T-Rex version of Megatron when he had higher specs and I was on the verge of rejoining the All-Spark with a rock and a stick."

"...You now third-in-command."

1.1.2 by Starvos_Arcane, Crisis, Conceptulist

Optimus Prime took a moment to quietly reflect on the current Loop. The fire truck incarnation may not have been his 'real' self, but he was actually a bit fond of it to tell the truth. The concept of the public servant aiding in times of danger and mostly fading from view when there were no problems was one he related to quite well.

Of course it meant having to deal with the 6-or-10-changer version of Megatron again.

"Sir?" the voice of the local version of Prowl entered into his thoughts. "I'm sorry to bother you, but Wheeljack's been acting funny lately. We're hoping it's nothing, but he's kind of creeping everyone out to tell the truth. Maybe you could talk with him?"

Optimus sighed to himself. Wheeljack had begun looping a while back and he... hadn't taken it well. The differences in his different versions had affected his mind to the point that he'd begun manifesting multiple personalities, with the one in control not always matching his local history either.

And there normally wasn't a version of Wheeljack in this particular variant. Optimus could only imagine how that was going over for the already mentally unbalanced transformer. Wheeljack's personalities could potentially be at war with each other over who got to be in control.

"Very well," the leader of the Autobots commanded. "Take me to him."

Optimus stared in complete and utter shock at the scene before him. He had been expecting something crazy to happen, this was after all when Wheeljack activated the dinobots for the first time in the baseline. Even in variants or other timelines the dinobots almost always caused mayhem and property damage when they first activated.

But Optimus Prime had never witnessed something like this. By the Matrix, he didn't think anyone was prepared for Grimlock to burst into song upon activation.

"Me am the very model of a Robot Dino-General,

Me have information artificial, natural, and astronomical,

Me know Me king of Dinosaurs, and Me fight the foes barbarian

From Decepticons to Quintessons, to even sub-Atlanticans;

Me very well acquainted, too, with matters most combatical,

Me understand the battle plans, both simple and tactical,

About Overwhelming force, Me teeming with a lot o' news,

With many cheerful facts about the things I'll do and the stuff I'll use.

Me very good at thwarting the creations of the Primacron;

Me usurped Quintesson control to be king of the Sharkticons:

In short, in matters artificial, natural, and astronomical,

Me Grimlock am the very model of a Robot Dino-General."

'The son of a toaster is looping! there's no other explanation for the smug look on his face' Prime decided.

"How long have you been looping?" Optimus Prime asked Grimlock once he'd gotten the Dinobot leader alone in his office.

"Grimlock not sure," said individual shrugged. "Spent most early Loops trashing Decepticons! No matter how many Grimlock smash, they always back for more next time! Grimlock had many good time smashing all Decepticons!"

'This might explain the last tandem run we had with the G.I. Joes,' Optimus thought to himself.

"Grimlock just get back from Loop where he met the muffin pony!" the Dinobot sounded immensely pleased with himself. "Friend muffin pony teach Grimlock many fun things! Like singing from Grimlock spark!"

'Oh, Prime,' Optimus groaned to himself. Huh. Must have picked up more than he thought the last time he and Primal switched places.

1.7 by Crisis

If Megatron ever wanted to try and prove that the Loops had a warped sense of humor, this iteration would be Exhibit... J or K. There had been a lot of strange Loops after all.

As it was, he was the head of the Inspecticon Detective Agency in a Loop setting a human might have called the illegitimate offspring of film noir and steampunk. Where he and all other machine lifeforms were of comparable size to humans.

"Well, Mr. Light," he told the figure on the other side of his desk, "it seems you are indeed quite qualified for the position."

Oh, and had he mentioned that he was in the middle of a job interview?

"Thank you," the very human-like robot replied.

"I am concerned with this list of additional skills however," he continued. "They are, shall we say, rather improbably long for someone of your age."

"Let's just say I spend a fair amount of time Awake," the potential hire told him.

Megatron blinked at the inflection. So, the prospective hire was a looper, eh?

"Megatron, sir!" Starscream burst into the office, frantic but respectful.

There was another big, but not unpleasant, difference. The local, and Unawake, version of Starscream still coveted Megatron's position. But the agency's rules and position on the side of the law meant that he did this by making himself the most indispensible member of the agency. Loyal, competent, able, and most of all no backstabbing. Just the occasional hint that Megatron should think about retirement. Even the local Soundwave, elite information hound that he was, had proven less useful in their investigations.

And for Starscream to be this frantic, it could only mean one thing. The one mobster who Megatron's Loop memories told him he'd dedicated his life to putting behind bars, and sworn not to retire until successful. The local mob boss version of his oldest enemy.

"We just got a new case! High profile murder, and it looks like the work of Optimus Crime's gang!"

"Get Shrapnel, Bombshell, and Kickback from forensics together Starscream," he ordered calmly. "Have them ready to leave in five minutes."

Starscream saluted and left the office, allowing him to turn back to the prospective hire. "It looks like you're in luck Mr. Light. I'm

prepared to hire you provisionally for the duration of this new case. If your work on it is acceptable then I will hire you to a permanent position. Is this acceptable?"

"Quite," the new hire agreed.

"Then," Megatron stood up and held out his hand, "allow me to welcome you to the Inspecticons Mr. Light."

"Please," the shades-and-scarf-wearing individual replied as he shook Megatron's hand, "call me Blues."

1.8 by Myself

Wreck It, don't Rule It:

Wheeljack always felt that some of his fellow Wreckers had been off. Roadbuster had a fetish for exotic weapons; their 'leader' was a big stuck up; and the three who dragged him along…. It was disturbing.

First, there was Whirl. The thin psycho seemed to believe that Magnus was a guy in armor and used to serve on a colossal ship called the Lost Light. Second, there was Leadfoot. This one put Bulk to shame in his girth, and his red and black deco had logos in a language he hadn't seen. Finally, there was Railspike. He didn't seem to belong in the first place, but he kept everyone together. Apparently, he normally had only two arms and legs, rather than the four of both he currently had [think ROTF Overload]. Their ship had sought him out somehow, and dragged him aboard.

Now, on course to where Bulkhead was, he found that Railspike always looked to him with pity.

"Alright claws, what's with the sad face? Did I crack in some manner you've seen but I don't remember?"

"You're not Awake, so I can't tell you why."

Leadfoot was busing making sure the engines could outpace an Omega-class cruiser, after the run-in with Bludgeon's ship, the Starpuncher. Why the three of them blew that one up he had no idea.

~Bang Bang Bang~

Cliffjumper was stuck on patrol with Optimus himself. Normally this wasn't that bad, were it not for visiting Fowler at the Unit:E Base. The big rig took him along since apparently one of his friends was on a ship nearing atmosphere.

"Prime! Why in the name of Monument Valley is there a large Autobot ship crewed by four guys who call themselves The Wreckers, and demanding that you get some guy named Ultra Magnus planetside in our atmosphere?"

"The Wreckers… Which four? Last time I saw the roster the majority were no more. This might be a Decepticon trick."

"A guy named Wheeljack, some sort of weapons maestro named Leadfoot, a thin bird of a 'bot called Whirl and Railspike, who seems like a behemoth even amongst your kind."

Leadfoot was alive!? Last time Cliffjumper had seen him he was blown apart by his own ammunition carried in his gut.

"Sweet Solus and Micronus! Optimus, we have to get these guys planetside pronto-like. Bulk'll be happy to see his old team and I get to meet one of my old friends."

Optimus rubbed his head, before turned to Fowler on his catwalk.

"Help me come up with landing coordinates, and I will greet these Wreckers. At least one of them is supposed to be dead, and I attended his funeral."

~Bang Bang Bang~

"Hello Earth! Didja miss us?"

"Can it Whirl, 'less yer a twin of Roadbuster again. And if ye are, I ain't bailin' you out after he dies."

"Both of you, QUIET! We have to deal with Optimus, and I know Leadfoot is supposed to be dead. Wheeljack, how's the connection to the Terran DATANET coming?"

He had no idea how these three met; according to his memories Railspike hated Whirl and Leadfoot was blown up! At least his knack for mechanics meant they all could get Earthern wheels soon. Leadfoot, as it turned out, already had Earth wheels. Whirl was busy using his claws to find a suitable gunship mode, while Railspike had simply found a utilitarian locomotive in his colors and left it at that. As they touched down (Leadfoot complained that he never got to crash anything anymore), Wheeljack saw four Autobots waiting for them; the Prime, Bulk, a blue and pink femme, and a red guy.

"Greetings, Wreckers… I did not realize you had already scanned Terrestrial vehicles."

"We jus' tapped inta th' local DATANET and picked some good 'uns boss."

"What Leadfoot means to say sir is that we chose out alternate forms based on what existed that appealed to us… Or rather, most of us did. Whirl, did you have to pick the Orca Gunship?"

"Bite me Railspite!"

Arcee put her hand to her face; this would not be pleasant for a long time.

Notes:

1.0 Well, something had to start it. Why 1.0? Because this is before anyone else awakens and Vector is now an anchor despite being a

ship that doesn't need one

1.1.1 Dinobots+Friendship is Magic = ?

1.2 Well now he isn't under a shadow...

1.3 This stuff is akin to a real nasty chemical attack for these guys

1.4 Kyoryuger Dinobots. Makes sense if you think about it

1.5 Wheeljack is having it bad even by looping standards. Five separate versions of yourself in your head? Dude's now a quint!

1.6 So who did they find for Parasagun?

1.1.2 It equals funny! Could be worse

1.7 Optimus Crime!? Competent Starscream!? Megatron and the Decepticons as Cops!? I want to read more, how about you?

1.8 Whirl is now a looper. Pandora is in so much trouble over this.

Me Grimlock

I do not own Transformers; it is jointly owned by TakaraTomy and Hasbro. It is licensed to whoever is making the fiction at the time.

2.1 by Leonite

Naruto grinned to himself. This was different at least. He had gone through what was a pretty baseline second task of the Chunin Exams... and Team 7 had been immediately assigned to what they called the "Psych" Corps afterwards, apparently the standard for ninja who meet Orochimaru. Sasuke was awake, Sakura wasn't... but he had felt at least three other pings.

"Uzumaki Naruto?"

He grinned a bit more. The three had been waiting in a circular room with one entrance and four other doors, one of which was the way they came in. Of course, Naruto had asked Kakashi what was so special about the Psych corps. Kakashi had simply said "You have to be able to take punishment if you deal with ninja." And simply left it at that.

Still as an ANBU agent guided him towards one of the doors he was curious. Was it one of the ponies again? Ranma maybe, he had been mentioning something about Martial Arts Psychology? Heck, he'd probably guess Usagi if it wasn't for the fact she's more likely to use her attacks to purify people than sit still.

As he stepped through the door and it was subsequently shut behind him Naruto could say that for once in his life he was speechless.

"Me Grimlock psychologist!"

2.2 by Myself

Optimus was left wondering if his optics were working properly. Ultra Magnus had arrived with several of the railbots, but didn't look like he normally did. Coupled with…

"Ultra Magnus, why are you larger than Grimlock and orange?"

"I'd rather not say Optimus. Meet Railspike, Steamhammer, Throttle, Switchplate, Tankor and Rapid Run. As for what happened to us… Either Vector has a cruel sense of humor or we've honestly become mildly omnicombinational trains."

The seven Autobots were joined by a strange looking Grimlock, plus an even larger maroon Autobot.

"Me Grimlock now dinosaur train!"

2.3 by Leonite

Sentinel Prime sighed as he approached Optimus. Such a waste of a good soldier. He had come at him with no back up and had been no match for his Primax Blade. "You would let Cybertron die out for these humans? These organics?" He demanded... to a dying Autobot. He sighed. "Such a waste. To think that I have to destroy such a fine soldier because he's too arrogant to recognize that we are at risk!"

"We are strong..." Optimus groaned out. "Sacrificing these humans, enslaving them... it makes us no better than the Fallen."

"And it's such distinctions that made the Decepticons. That has had us squabbling when we should have been focusing on restoring our race... at any cost." Sentinel shook his head. "You will die Optimus. Not a martyr for these humans or as an Autobot hero. You will go down as a traitor to all Cybertronians simply because you were arrogant enough to think another race deserved protection from-"

Sentinel Prime never finished his sentence as a blue shape leaped over Optimus, transforming mid jump into a blue monster truck with

an attached snow plow. The transformer slammed Sentinel Prime into the ground and pinned him to the ground... before he shifted and transformed, revealing a blue and silver soldier with a large chin but a powerful physique. Said transformer glared at the wayward Prime. "Arrogance? You have the gall to call Optimus arrogant?" The blue transformer asked. "He's not the one who's willing to ally with Decepticons, destroy an entire world and use organics as workers to rebuild Cybertron while calling himself a hero!"

Sentinel Prime growled, lashing upwards with his blade only for it to slam into a blue shield, glowing with energon. "Who are you to insist that my way is wrong? We are a dying race, and we will be restored by any means necessary!"

"Transformers are a strong race. It's Cybertron that is dying, not us. We would survive and live on as we have!" Sentinel lifted his cannon arm, hoping to blast the fool with his Cosmic Rust Cannon... only for a lance made of energy to be slammed down into his arm, striking straight through it. "You were just weak enough to give up on us finding our own way. We don't need the help of the organics... but we don't need to kill them off to fix our own mistakes! We are a strong race and we will rebuild our home ourselves."

Sentinel Prime lashed out with his blade again. "And you would allow Cybertron to die to do this sparkling?" He demanded. Each decleration followed another swing of his Primax Blade "You are not a Prime. You cannot comprehend what I have-"

The blue stranger slammed his shield into the blade, sending it flying. "My name is Sentinel Major," The stranger started. "For years I've been told by others that I seemed like the next Sentinel Prime. I took my name after you. Idolized you. I thought you were strong." He lifted the shield... the bladed shield up. "I don't want Cybertron to die. But I will not let us lose ourselves in the process."

"You have no right... you are not a Prime."

Sentinel Major grimaced at that. "And you're not even worthy of the name Prime," He spat, slamming the shield down on Sentinel Prime's neck... and like that, it was over. He looked to the sky and saw Cybertron disappear with a sigh.

"... so you did learn something from your time as Magnus." Sentinel blinked as he turned and looked around... and looked at Optimus. But when he did, he didn't see the battle hardened leader or diplomat he had seen all this time... but one more familiar. The glares he got on Earth. The loyalty in safeguarding his mistake. The determination of...

"Maintainence Prime?" Sentinel asked, a slight smirk crossing his face.

"Indeed," Optimus stated with a wheezed chuckle. "I'd give you a hand for your effort... but as you can see I already gave it to the other Sentinel." The two glanced down at Optimus's severed arm. Sentinel stepped over to Optimus... and held out his hand.

"Don't worry about it. You and I both know I'm liable to lose my head in situations like this," Sentinel remarked as a genuine smile crossed his face. Optimus grabbed his outstretched hand and pulled himself up. "So.. any chance you could tell me what the slag is going on with this nightmare?"

Optimus looked over and sighed. Sentinel followed his gaze and had to swallow back some oil. Megatron was frozen mid stride... and coated in cosmic rust. "Such a barbaric weapon," Optimus muttered, before transforming "Follow me Sentinel... I'll explain on the way." As Optimus drove off Sentinel Major, also known as Sentinel Prime and Sentinel Magnus (Acting Magnus, but it counted), looked over at the scattered Primax Blade... and then pulled his lance out of Sentinel Prime. As he did the rust seeped out of the cannon, performing it's last act as it eroded and at away at it's former master.

"It may be barbaric... but it's what he deserved." Sentinel muttered, even as he stored his weapons away before transforming and driving

off.

2.4 by Crisis

"This the place Layla?" Virgil Hawkins, more commonly known most Loops as the electric hero Static asked his companion.

"Probably," the pacifistic plant-powered girl replied as she looked down at the comples. "We'll know more when Haku gets back from recon."

"Then you will not have long to wait," the ice ninja's voice startled the two. "It is indeed Dr. Syndrome's base of operations. It is quite the cunning plan of his, worthy of any villain from my home Loop. He has built engines of destruction that will be unleashed upon various population centers, whereupon he will unveil his defensive creations as a solution to the problem he has created and charge the nations of the world an exorbitant amount for them."

"Let me guess," Virgil smirked. "He's got plenty of both guarding the place."

"Indeed," Haku confirmed. "His plan is set to launch in a few hours. We have little time to waste."

"Okay," Layla giggled nervously, "we just have to go down there, fight past an army of killer robots, disable his launch sequence, and expose his plan to the world. Just like a semester back at my eternal high school."

"Sounds about right," Virgil nodded before turning to the final member of the multi-Loop team that had unexpectedly formed this time. It was an interesting change of pace. "What do you say, big guy?"

The massive robot considered the situation for a moment and Virgil could hear the grin his face wasn't capable of when he spoke.

"Me Grimlock say: Is clobbering time!"

2.5 by OathtoOblivion

Dinobot was confused. When he had Awoken this Loop, he had found himself on the bridge, where he usually Awoke. Now normally, this would mean that he'd follow the baseline script to see whether or not Optimus or any of the others were Awake this Loop or not. But something seemed very off...it was then that he noticed himself.

"WHY THE SLAG AM I HOT PINK?!"

Elsewhere, Megatron was grinning. Getting one over on Dinobot was always a good time. Especially considering he had to vent his annoyance from the Pennelor Battle anyway. Seriously, how do you get felled by a bag of rocks?! 'If I ever see Ricewind again, it'll be too soon...' he thought to himself.

2.1 Somehow, this doesn't seem like an uncommon occurrence.

2.2 To follow up on the Kyoryuger Dinobots. Police, Fire, Build, Shield, and Drill Ressha are mostly unknown and will appear in a later loop. Build is Grimstone and Shield is Armorhide.

2.3 Animated Sentinel is the better option. He draws the line far back from where this Sentinel did.

2.4 There are several adjectives that fit here; take your pick.

2.5 ...I got nothing.

Universe Men

3.1 by KrisOverstreet:

"You were right, Soundwave!" Megatron gloated. "On this one night it seems humans can be persuaded to accept anything as normal! And the more outlandish the appearance, the more profitable!"

"What did you get, oh mighty Megatron?" Skywarp asked.

"An automotive transmission!" Megatron gloated. "Some of the gears in here should be perfect for that ache in my shoulder assembly!"

"Target acquired: C-cell batteries," Soundwave droned.

"I got a grease gun!"

"I got a case of motor oil!"

Starscream fished in his trick-or-treating bag and pulled out a cinder block. "I got a rock," he moaned.

"Decepticons! On to the next salvage yard!"

Megatron led the group of giant robots in Halloween costumes on, Starscream gritting his vocal gridwork with mortification. *Two holes. Only two holes in a ghost costume. For the eyes. Next time I'll know. Stupid illogical fleshling cultural gaffe…*

3.2 by Myself:

"Dinobot. Now that you member of team, you need new name."

He looked at Grimlock, mentally weighing where this discussion would lead.

"Sir, may I ask why?"

"Your name currently team name. New name needed so to cut confusion down during fights. Must start with S, to keep consistency in team."

He paused for a moment, mulling over what worked for a name starting with S. Several of the good ones were taken. Everyone remembered Slag, Snarl, Sludge, and Swoop. Even that renegade, Sledge, had a great name. As Dinobot mentally looked over all the various Dinobot names, he noticed an unusual trend.

"Call me... Slash."

"Me Grimlock find this acceptable. Welcome to team Dinobot Slash."

3.3 by DarthMetool:

Fifteen minutes Megatron had stood there, steaming, dark glare aimed at Starscream as if daring

him. Starscream's posture shouted amusement at their situation.

"Well-"

"NO, Starscream."

"It has to be said, I suppose." Megatron shifted, sounds of gears grinding and steam hissing.

"Grrrrrrr... Staaaarscream."

"Yes, Lord Megatron?"

"WHY ARE WE STEAM-PUNKS?!"

"It's a fad among the organics, and you lost a bet with one."

3.4 by Myself:

Miko KNEW something was off with four of the new arrivals. There were about eight or so, all terrestrial vehicles. She had quickly gotten their names and alternate modes. Showdown the ex-gladiator monster truck, Anomaly the junior Toxic Waste transport and specialist, Jolt the electrician hybrid, Longarm the tow truck and field medic. Those she understood. The other four….

First, they were all female, which was odd in and of itself. First off, there was Destabilizer, who turned into some sort of demented rally car fused with a demolition derby muscle car. She was followed up by the aristocratic Adamant, who turned into a 1950s ragtop ultra-luxurious car. The most mundane, and thus strangest, of the bunch with a humble sports sedan form, was Midpoint. The last, and in Miko's opinion, coolest, was Test Track. She had taken an advanced concept car as her alternate form.

Unbeknownst to Miko, the four ladies were telepathically communicating.

Alright Pandora, or should I say Destabilizer, why did you bring us here?

Urd, you three need a vacation. And we'll have to maintain cover until Vector greets us, so Verthandi, Skuld, refer to your elder sister as Adamant.

I do hope that we can talk down some of these Decepticons. Dreadwing and Breakdown truly do not deserve their fates.

You would know sis. So I can't call you Belldandy or Verthandi and have to stick with Midpoint? What an odd name. At least Test Track implies convergence of Future and Present.

"Greetings Autobots. My name is Optimus Prime, and I welcome you to Earth."

"Terra."

Anomaly turned to face Destabilizer, his compatriot in Toxic compounds.

"Terra? What is the difference; it's the same word in a different language!"

"Simple, really: the other eight planets in this system are all named after Latin Deities, so it makes sense to refer to Earth as Terra to keep the theme going."

Pandora turned to face the Norns' Autobot Guises.

No awakening anyone this time. Whirl was NOT a fun prank on Loki's part.

3.5 by Leonite

Optimus looked over at Galvatron. The two were at Maccadam's Old Oil House, having awoken to find themselves in some odd variant loop.

"I still find it odd that you would agree to peace, awake or not," Optimus admitted. "You're not exactly... stable like that."

Galvatron snorted. "More stable than most Galvatrons," the white Predacon countered. "And this is coming from Mr. 'My Super Mode is with my Jealous Brother'?"

Galvatron always found it amazing just how much emotion any Optimus could show with that mask on... such as the look he's giving him right now, an almost smug look. "You're not one to talk... 'Iron Mammoth'."

"Actually that's because half of my forms are called 'Iron Mammoth' like this." Galvatron noted a little too fast. "After all, if you shout that, no-one expects the Griffin!"

"Right, keep telling yourself that."

3.6 by KevinConvoy:

Space around the Citadel, the seat of government for the Citadel Council, suddenly turned into a reckless panic as alarms rung throughout the massive space station and every single ship of the Citadel Defense Fleet reacted.

They were reacting to the appearances of a wormhole not far from the massive space station and as expected weapons were brought to bear on the wormhole. Sensors reported a mass of energy unlike any that they had detected coming from the wormhole but nothing else, of course, the Citadel military wisely had everything under its control aimed at the wormhole waiting tensely for the unknown. They didn't have long to wait as sensors across the board begin to pick up a massive object emerging from within the wormhole.

The object in question was a golden wedge-shaped vessel. The signs of battle was clearly evident on the ship as portions of the once golden hull was painted black while to a lesser degree fragments of the hull could be seen slowly floating in the empty void of space away from the vessel. Apparently some form of humanoid decoration as a masthead floating away in the void. A command was issued right away to hold fire but no one was at that moment had any intense of doing so, as they were all stared in awe at the sight.

It was a good move, as the communication channels across the board was flooded with a message no one understand however the tone of the speakers plain to tell. "This is Commander Primal of the Maximal Alliance on the ARK emergency life support, do not open fire, we don't mean any harm. We were pulled into this wormhole, but if we are attacked we will defend ourselves."

The transmission repeated over and over again. After quick tense and difficult debates the Citadel Council decides to not open fire on the unknown craft, so the order that was issued from the Council was simple. "Do not open fire but stay alert for any signs of trouble. We will open communication with the unknown vessel." And as the

final conclusion approached, the wormhole disappeared as if nothing ever happened.

Inside the ship, its hard-fought command crew comes to order.

"Well monkey-bot that definitely ain't Cybertron, just where in the Pit are we?" comes the question fielded by the rat-faced humanoid machine.

"…believe it or not Rat-trap, I've heard of this place. It's a center of galactic politics, and if we're here, I fear that this is only the beginning." A large gorilla answers.

"You sound like you know a lot about this Boss-Bot", comes the teenage voice attached to a …cyborg Tigerman?

"More than you want to know." Comes the reply from Rhinox, ship scientist supreme. "But if we are where I think we are Optimus, we should weigh "Anchor" as soon as possible."

"Agreed" the Gorilla, Optimus says, "we really should make sure who all is AWAKE" he ends with a wink.

"On it Optimus," Rhinox says has he assumes a meditative setting.

"Ever get the idea you don't know what's going on?" The cat man states.

"Meh, if you're not used it with this bunch, you ain't been paying any attention Cheetor, and that's a shame, kid. Anyway if you have this set, I'm going to make sure my batch of Waspinator parts made the trip.

Meanwhile, dismissed as space flotsam, the draconic despot Megatron awakes and makes his way away from the accursed Maximals, in deep amongst the stars, Harbinger feels a unique presence and begins to stir. Finally, on the SR-1 Normandy,

Commander Shepard Awakes due to a metallic Ping, deeply felt from across the stars.

"Huh, Good to hear that I'll have some help this time."

"MRPph, Wha? Honey are you alright, have another nightmare?"

"It's ok, Ash, nah just a message sent that you didn't hear, but you're right, scoot over and stop hogging all the covers."

3.7 by crossoverpairinglover:

The greatest, and perhaps most dangerous thing about loops was the fact that you could grow from them.

With loops, a person could have all the time in the world to learn what they do wrong, and amend it. Yet, in doing this, they also continuously grow.

The once challenging enemies of the heroes become push overs faster than Waspinator, and so they get bored.

Then they loop into other worlds, where they can acquire new powers, and with that accelerate the above mentioned problem.

The Transformers have it somewhat easier; as even if they were to have Hogwarts loops or Ninja loops, they really couldn't retain those powers as robots without a lot of practice, so it was generally not seen as an issue

It's the humans the Transformers pal around with, however, who are dangerous this way, as they had no such Soul to Spark energy transference issues

And there is one human in particular in the Transformers stable who really should not be allowed to have infinite loops to train herself.

"You think you can oppose me, organic" the large chinned Animated Sentinel Prime glared down at the barely post protoform organic, or a 'teen...something or another', with black hair with odd pink coloring and a different skin tone than the others. The little thing made some sort of hand sign, creating a few other identical organics "As acting Prime, I have the authority to see your world terminated for harboring the All-Spark from us..."

"RASENSHURIKAN!"

Sentinel Prime could not finish his little declaration of war as a spiraling energy blast sliced the guy in half.

This is ironically only his 5th most embarrassing defeat, and he wasn't counting the loops the guy, at least here, had no memory of.

"Don't be too proud of this technological terror you constructed. The ability to destroy a planet is insignificant next to the power of The Force" an immensely terrifying dark armored man spoke to a group of middle aged men in a conference table in a sterile area.

"And mine"

The assembled head honchos of the all feared Galactic Empire (Bar the most fearsome of them all and a blue skinned mastermind) turned to see a human girl, who had somehow gotten into their highly secured area.

"A Mandalorian!" one of the old men pointed, recalling the Mandalorian who had been seen with a rebel group who greatly resembled Miko, but was not usually Miko. (Who was chanting something)

"I find your lack of cross racial recognition disturbing" Vader absently choked the person with the force before he activated his light sabre (While still choking the man) "How did you get here little girl, are you a Rebel...and what are you muttering!?"

"KAMEHAMEHA!"

The girl unleashed a huge blast of energy that flew right at the table of irritable old men, and Vader.

Vader, who only survived due to his power over the force, decided to simply tell his master that his prized Death Star was destroyed by a rebel fleet of Y-Wing bombers. It was more believable than a single girl with energy blasts in any case, and Sidious would simply exact vengeance on the rebel scum and give himself a chance to see the psychopath destroyed so he could rule.

Oh, if only he had a son to rule with.

The sounds of a terrifying scream let loose across Japan as a floating cube of death drilled downwards, seeking the hidden lair of the semi heroic protectors of Lilith, N.E.R.V.E.

All hope seemed lost; Eva Unit 1 had been heavily damaged, its pilot int the hospital and Unit Zero and its pilot little better. The 5th Angel could not be stopped, its armor too powerful and its laser too great.

Humanity was doomed for the Third Impact...

Wait...

"Who is that girl" a scary looking middle aged man with large glasses pointed at the screen as Miko appeared before the giant cube of doom.

The girl began to summon a huge orb of orange light in her hands, which she than began to compress as the light grew harsher

"Fairy Law is Invoked!"

The resulting blast did more in one shot than N.E.R.V.E had managed to do to the thing in 4 hours.

'That is not in the Dead Sea Scrolls' the scary man with the reflective glasses thought to himself in worry as the light fried him and everything connected to S.E.E.L.E and Instrumentailty.

The local anchor would later endeavor to figure out what she did so he could use it himself.

"Optimus...do you think we're going to retain our memories and powers when these loops end?" Alligned Ratchet asked his respected Prime, who looked deep in thought about the question.

"I do not know Ratchet, it sounds like a interesting debate though. Perhaps there are some who'd prefer to remember and others who would not, and some who'd best forget."

"I personally hope we at least loose any additional powers" Ratchet gestured to a screen behind him, which featured Miko using the Force to lift a hummer into the air and throw it at Waspinator, who promptly fell apart comically "...Do you really want to have to deal with a Mikoo capable of destroying planets?"

Optimus actually looked somewhat concerned about that image, but quickly hid it "Earth may need its own protectors when we return to Cybertron old friend, perhaps Miko would simply fulfill that role"

"Please, don't remind me of Wonder Miko. There are loops I want to forget, and that is one of them"

3.8 by crossoverpairinglover:

"No!"

"Madame Umbridge, please be civi..."

"Hogwarts is a sacred institution! It is no place for half humans, monsters or whatever the hell they are!"

She pointed at the gigantic robot standing in front of hogwarts; specifically Armada Hotshot.

"But I got my Hogwarts Letter and everything"

3.9 by crossoverpairinglover:

The Ultimate Decepticon Loop Part 1

"...It's quiet, too quiet"

"Oh come on Ironhide" G1 Wheeljack laughed at the old veterans unease "Lighten your load a bit. Megatron and the Decepticons, and the Predacons, and the Vehicons, and all the other Cons of various prefixes haven't shown up for stellar cycles. It's a vacation loop, so have a cup o'energon and relax"

"I can't. Decepticons definitely exist somewhere in this loop, and when they aren't visible, that just means they are planning something"

"They're not on Cybertron, Earth, Velocitron, Jungle Planet, Gigantion or any planet we actually care about. I mean, sure they might be inflicting genocide on the Quintessons, but hey, evil vs evil."

"..." Ironhide still looked like he was ready to shoot the first thing that moved.

"Okay Mr. grumpy servo, you sulk and wait for the invasion that may or may not come this loop. I on the other hand have some Dinobots to build again, with jet engines this time"

G1 Wheeljack was a mad scientist before the loops, and the loops did not help that. Of course, he at least learned his lesson about Dino-Voltron and giving the Dinobots spiral power.

He was sent to Eiken for that one.

Meanwhile, proving Ironhide's paranoia true a few galaxies away

"Ah, the device I have searched a thousand loops for has finally been found, and to think I only found it because of your incompetence Starscream. I almost feel bad for trapping you in that Astromech tin can the natives of this galaxy cherish so much now"

BEEP BEEP BEEP

"Of course, it may take some time to convert this device to work for our needs as oppose to the needs of organics, but it will be a wait well worth it. For with this Star Forge, and the Dark Vector Sigma from that 'Shattered Glass' universe, all the galaxies shall bow to the ultimate decepticon army, and with it the most powerful Decepticon Empire the loops have ever seen!"

BEEP BEEP BEEP

"Quiet you. This is only the 8th time I have stated that since he loops began.

Several years later, the planet Geonosis

When Anakin Skywalker had begun this new loop just before the start of the Clone Wars, he had assumed the fact that in this loop, Malek and Revan had never found the Star Forge to be a concern, but not an overly large one.

If it was never found, that Sidious wouldn't get his hands on it. The Vong would destroy it on principle. Thrawn would see it as far too dangerous. It was, in a sense, not supposed to be a problem.

Why did he even delude himself?

"Attention foolish Galactic Republic and Confederacy of Independent Systems fools" a voice bellowed all over the Geonosis arena where

the Jedi were having their first confrontation with the Separatist Droid Army, which was going about as well as it generally did.

It was a voice only loopers recognized, so that meant Anakin, R2 and 3P0 only.

A large form floated down from the sky and hovered over the arena; a mechanical being so huge that it could easily stomp the farm his mother lived on (And still lived in this loop) to dust. It was gray colored, with a infamous purple symbol on its chest.

"Oh dear" C-3PO understated the danger they were now all in.

"What sort of droid is that Dooku" Windu demanded of the bearded Sith, who looked just as shocked as the Nick Fury look alike.

"Believe me Master Windu when I say I am just as shocked as you are"

"The age of Organics has come to an end. Both your governments are now at war with the Decepticon Empire. Our armies are now invading each and every world held by each of you, as well as the worlds controlled by the Hutts." Behind the robot rang a series of violent explosions "And, as you can clearly see, the Jedi's clone army, and their grand master, are no longer a factor. " The robot pointed his Fusion Cannon at the arena, which began to charge "Die Jedi Scum"

Dooku, the Jedi and Droids thought they could stop the robot by using the force and their blasters in tangent, Anakin just force grabbed the non looping Padme and his looping droid pals, and apparated the hell away.

Just seconds after Anakin did that, the entire arena blew up in a burst of purple light; pretty much destroying the galaxies last hopes for survival outside of Darth Sidious.

A few days later has Megatron, Soundwave, Shockwave and a still Astromech'd Starscream observing a holographic image of the Galaxy Far Far Away in triumph.

"They actually put up more resistance than I anticipated" Megatron mused "Though it was futile."

"Our scouts have reported back from their observations" Soundwave reported in his usual mechanical voice tone "We have identified seven galaxies in this loop; this one, the Vong Galaxy, the Federation Galaxy, the galaxy controlled by the Green Lanterns, the Galaxy with the Guardians, our own galaxy and the galaxy of the Saiyans"

"The human paradox not withstanding, their conquest is assured" Shockwave mused "But we must focus on how to prevent problems from arising with the disappearance of Skywalker."

"You overestimate his ability to appeal to help. The closest galaxies he could get help in are the Vong and Federation; and their are problems with him getting aid from either. Of course, we need more time to create more ships and soldiers with the Forge and Dark Sigma, so we will put off our fight with the Autobots, Saiyans, Justice League and the Avengers for now. We will instead deal with the Vong first, and then we will attack the Federation."

Beep Beep Beep

3.10 by crossoverpairinglover

The Ultimate Decepticon Loop Part 2

"Operation, Obtain the Big Gete Star, is a success Lord Megatron." Soundwave reported over the communications array as Megatron and the still Astromeched Starscream observed the transmission "The entity is being delivered to Shockwave by the Constructicons, and shall arrive shortly"

"Make sure that your procuring is not detected by any of those freaks" Megatron instructed. The last thing Megatron needed at this critical juncture was for Cooler or one of those...whatever those purple and white things were called to go to war with him before the time was

Megatron was no fool; in the war between quality and quantity, the Decepticons, with the aide of the Star Forge, were Quantity. Quality had a bad habit of beating quantity when it came to its front door.

"We shall remain undetected Lord Megatron, for that is my Nindo" Soundwave signed off as Megatron shivered.

"BEEP BEEP BEEP"

"The loop where Soundwave replaced the Original Looper with the giant energy creature in him was disturbing, you must admit that" Megatron huffed s the triple changer Astrotrain entered the command room and bowed.

"Lord Megatron"

"Ah yes, come with me Starscream. You and I have a little date to go on...to the planet Qu'onos, and Astrotrain is our driver today. After all, its not like we have any more business in this void space"

After all, the Combaticons had just finished off the last of the Yuuzan Vong. A powerful race the Vong were; they put up quite a fight.

However, all that was left was the disposal of their organic technology (Which the Decepticons had no use for, and could not use. The Vong were such a technophobic culture that they could not be used for any benefit, and would attempt to kill them all out of sheer religious dogma. A pity, they would have been such good slave labor), and Megatron had to deal with the galaxy of the Vulcans next.

Having not visited that loop, Megatron had been initially surprised there was more to it than just the Federation where the human who

attempted organic creation a lot, the green skinned humanoids who were seen as oddly attractive by humans and the Xavier lookalike were known to exist.

No, there were other powers there, more warlike powers who saw themselves as the mightiest race, and that was simply not going to stand

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"Master Annie, I do believe that I just figured out why the loopers here rarely act on their knowledge, this would be rather annoying to deal with loop after loop"

"3PO, please shut up"

Anakin found himself restrained against a wall in a prison cell in the Department of Temporal Affairs along with his looping droid sidekicks and non looping future wife (Who was rather...understanding of the whole 'looping' thing after he pointed out that a alien robot not native to their reality just overthrew the Galaxies main powers) after having managed to create a portkey that brought him to the headquarters of the United Federation in this loop (Having gotten a sense of its unique galactic location and its affect on the force after the great imperial-Federation war during a Vader loop)

However, he was left exhausted from the power necessary to create a cross galactic port key, and they got jumped by Federation troops. 3PO's attempts at telling them what was going to happen just got them arrested.

Overall, this loop just sucked, and there was no way it could get any worse (even if Padme was forced to wear a red shirt)

"Oh, hello Vader. Fancy seeing you here, though I have to say your choices here were highly illogical"

Anakin just glared at the half Vulcan who had arrived to talk to him. "Hey, I didn't loop in until after the Death Star 7 blew up Vulcan

Spock, and I defected to your side after that. Do you have to still resent me for that?"

"It would logical for me to continue to dislike you for your tendency to react like a Klingon" Spock drawled "However, I do believe you are a Klingon with some very important information" the restraints on Anakin deactivated as he fell to the floor, with the loud sound of crashing metal showing that C-3PO was also freed (Ouch, watch it I dent easily!). "Now, I do believe your companion over there said something about Megatron on a rampage and coming here?"

In this loop, the Klingon were a powerful race, more so than their normal state in the baseline, because they had distant relations to the Saiyans.

In this loop, a Saiyan had once wished to have a world where he could teach and train his own warriors, and so a Dragon had teleported him to ancient Qu'onos, where he taught the Klingon.

This altered timeline also altered the leadership of the Klingon a bit, and so Dahar Master Kor, a legendary Klingon from the baseline, was the leader of the Klingon empire in this variant loop.

And he was the one who Megatron challenged to one on one combat for the honor and loyalty of the Decepticon and Klingon races.

Their battle waged for many earth hours, with the tale of this legendary clash being long spoken of in this loops Klingon stories, and would be recorded in the greatest triumphs of Megatron for all of looping time, yet in the end the answer was clear.

Machine had beat Klingon, even without the fusion cannon that had obliterated the Jedi, and with his fall Megatron had his own Klingon promotion, to leader of the Klingon people. The Klingon now would follow Megatron as long as they did not believe they could oust him, and that they were treated decently well to avert the seeds of rebellion.

They would make decent enforcers at least, and they could be used as a smokescreen to hide to other forces in this galaxy the true threat that approached them.

"Beep beep beep"

"That Klingon could shoot energy blasts, I'd like to see you fight the 'horned meat bag' any better" a heavily dented Megatron creaked along the first Decepticon planet in the universe of Kirk and Spock "We shall Marshall our forces here in secret for our full attack on the Romulan, Borg and Federation forces. The perfect Decepticon loop cannot be stopped my red and white traitorous friend, no force in the universe, or Force for that matter, can stop our road to glory"

As Megatron said that on his way to some much needed repairs, a Padawan (Looping to the point of Mastery), a Senator, a Protocol Droid and a Astromech spoke to the captain of the legendary Enterprise.

3.11 by KrisOverstreet

"So... it look like you Spike replacing him Snarl," Grimlock said, looking at the purple and green Dinobot. "Me call you Snarl this Loop. Avoid confusion with little human Spike."

"Cool, I guess." Spike, usually a dragon and today a robotic stegosaur, spat out a bit of flame and thrashed his spiky metal tail. "There's a bunch of stuff in my head about geology, but it's kind of hard to access it."

"That normal for Dinobots," Grimlock nodded sagely. "Ce-re-bral circuits built with Earth metals, not as good as Cybertron. Interferes with Autobot spark, make thinking difficult."

"Is that why you talk like this?"

"Partly. Take effort to talk right. Painful. But playing dumb more fun anyway." Grimlock thrashed his own gigantic tail, slamming into a

stalagmite and sending rock flying around the Ark. "Oops! Stupid Grimlock break thing! Too stupid to know better, ha ha, not his fault." Grimlock's tyrannosaur head grinned as he finished, "Me Grimlock really smart; know that dumb Grimlock can do what me Grimlock want."

"Right, I gotch... um... me mean, me Spike un-der-stand." The visiting Looper cocked his head, a difficult trick for a stegosaur. "Or... is that 'me Spike no un-der-stand'?"

"No worry about it. Snarl was smarty-pants of Dinobots anyway. Him speak in first person... when he speak at all. Not much for talk, him Snarl."

"Good hint. I'll try to keep my mouth shut."

Transforming back into robot mode, the two Dinobots went to rejoin the other three. "You're the only Looping Dinobot?" Spike asked.

"So far as me Grimlock know. Me Grimlock never see anything suggest otherwise. But could be." Standing before the other Dinobots, who were standing still because they hadn't thought of anything else to do, he asked one, "Swoop, are you repeating part of your life over and over?"

"Huh? What you Grimlock talking about?"

"Never mind. You Slag, this day happen before for you?"

"Why you Grimlock ask stupid question?" Slag snapped.

"Me Grimlock just testing." Grimlock turned his attention to the last, and the dimmest, of the Dinobots. "Sludge, you remember things happening before that are happening again?"

"No, leader Grimlock," Sludge said calmly. "Me Sludge no remember nothing."

Spike, struck by an impulse, asked, "Sludge, do you remember what happened yesterday?"

Unruffled, Sludge shook his head. "Me Sludge no remember nothing. Always."

Grimlock and Spike looked at each other. "Well, it doesn't exactly rule him out," Spike noted.

"It a definite possibility," Grimlock agreed.

Round 3 Special:

Jack groaned as he woke up. For some reason he had a headache like he had two different sets of memories.

Wait.

Checking his memories something didn't add up. He knew that ever since he last saw races something happened but what was odd was that he was now on what seemed to be Cybertron but the Autobots in his memories was way different than he was used to. They seemed more basic in a way.

Okay.

Taking a deep breath Jack tried to figure out what was going on. He didn't go through Megatron, Unicron, getting optimus' memories and facing a lot with out learning that his life was never going to be normal again. He just learned to use what his kind was well known for. The ability to adapt. Apparently his name was Jack Witwicky and he was with his cousin Daniel on Cybertron during the 1980's and was owning what he recognized as that fake Optimus mech built. Sitting up Jack frowned.

"Either I'm in another universe like the shadow zone or something else happened when I went to sleep last night. Well I'd better see

about Nemesis Prime; I'm not sure how that thing followed me to this place" said Jack.

He stood and found the truck where he last knew his memories said it was. Getting in Jack drove to see his cousin and Uncle talking with this worlds version of Arcee and a few bots Jack never met in his world but apparently knew in this one. Thanks to Raf he was able to understand Blurr.

"Whoa Blurr, calm down you're talking too fast for them to understand what you're saying. Now what's this about a race you just had with Hot Rod?" asked Jack stepping out.

"How did you understand a word he said" asked Kup.

"Hang around him enough you just start to get used to his speed and mentally desperate his words" said Jack getting into the role he was given.

"Well come on than Jack let's get that old thing a tune up" said Sparkplug. "Right uncle" said Jack with a grin.

Unfortunately the tune up would have to wait; Deceptions attacked and the group entered a ship to go after them. 'What have I gotten myself into now!' Jack thought as their ship hit hyper drive and the shaking had caused nemesis to transform surprising the others.

"Jack what in the world..." asked Sparkplug.

"No clue uncle" said Jack before the ship crashed. Jack opened his eyes to see nemesis had moved on it's own to protect jack from the crash. He just sighed wondering what was going on here.

3.1 Yessir, that's some Decepticons doing a Peanuts gag.

3.2 This one stemmed from OathToOblivion and I discussing how Dinobot could be Zakutor in the Kyoryu Dinobots loops, while avoiding conflicting names.

3.3 The joke is 20% funnier if you've read the My Little Pony loops

3.4 Destabilizer/Pandora, Adamant/Urd, Midpoint/Belldandy/Verthandi, Test Track/Skuld

3.5 Sadly, this Galvatron lacks purple. Or does he?

3.6 I'd like to think Airrazor, Tigatron, Polar Claw, and a few others are on the ship, but that's for the writer to decide.

3.7 This author is on . please look at their profile when you are done reading this chapter. Thank you

3.8 Two in a row? This person works fast.

3.9 A Triple by this person. Wowza

3.10 Quadruple. That's amazing!

3.11 So, Spike is replacing Snarl. Well, if it works I'm not going to look to hard into it

Special: this came from someone on asking to do a loop instead of the usual suspects.

Summer Daze

Compiler's Note: this is basically the entirety of the Summer Transformers loops. It was a slow summer for this.

4.1 by Jcoggsina

"Man, that thing is creepy" Kakyoin said as he stared at Optimus's stand, The Touch. Optimus had to agree. The stand was tall, at least 10 feet, and while muscular, it was also fairly lanky. Not helping matters was the fact that it only wore two pieces of clothing, and trucker hat and a loincloth grill, which was polished to a mirror's shine. To top it all off, the stand couldn't move without thrusting out it's groin.

There was an awkward silence, before Kakyoin broke it by sending out his own stand to attack. Fortunately, The touch managed to prevent the attack from striking Optimus. Unfortunately, he did this by doing a headstand split to place his Grill in the Attack's path. As Optimus vomited from the sight, The Touch's power took effect. Hierophant Green had been reflected in the grill, leaving it open. The emerald stand, and by extension Kakyoin, began to shrink, his skin beginning to resemble plastic. His joints locked.

He had become a toy, one that appeared to have been designed in the mid 80s.

4.2 by crossoverpairinglover

A Muppet Loop

"Freedom is the right of all sentient beings Megatron"

"Only if they stay out of my way!" Megatron shouted as he rose up to strike at Optimus, before the two of them froze as they saw...

"...Why is there a human hand sticking out of you?" Optimus questioned in some horror as Megatron shrank down faster than any Hinata could hope to do to cover up the unnatural arm that was apparently part of him this loop.

"I...need to be alone for a while" Megatron decided to cancel his duel to the death with his eternal rival and walked away.

4.3 by crossoverpairinglover

Optimus interrupted

"Freedom is the right of all..."

"JUST WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK I AM"

Optimus shook his head as the young human with the giant glasses and cape shouted...that thing he shouted a lot.

"Freedom is the right of all..."

"NUDIST BEACH!"

Optimus facepalmed as the human who was rapidly loosing his clothing, and felt sympathy with the anchor of this reality trying to stab him with half a over sized scissor.

"Freedom is the right of all..."

"MY TURN! DRAW!"

Optimus sighed dramatically at the sight of the spiky haired human drawing a card in a overly dramatic fashion

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"Freedom is the right of all..." Optimus looked around a few times, before finishing "sentient beings"

He hadn't been able to finish that line in a few loops. It was kind of nice.

And all it took was a loop into the loop with the oddly happy yellow sponge.

"Yeah yeah, now are you going to order something or not Mr. Robot" the large red crustacean inquired irritably.

4.4 by myself:

"As I was stating, we need to keep a low profile. Adamant, your current vehicle guise is too old to blend in anymore. You must select a new one. As for you two, Showdown and Test Track, you will have to be held in reserve lest we risk our cover too soon. Is this acceptable?"

Showdown nodded, his style not needed at the moment. Skuld, in her Autobot guise, was more amused at her eldest sister's failure in vehicle choice.

Adamant, you'll need different wheels. Try this. It's from a company called Morgana Motorsports Manufacturing, or M3.

Thank you sister, it'll fit better than some of my dresses back home.

"Optimus, I chose my vehicle form based on its elegance. Midpoint has found a modern vehicle that maintains my standards. If you're willing to view the file, will you pass judgment on it?"

"Yes. Hmm… it would draw unneeded attention in Jasper, but it will suffice elsewhere."

Urd switched her vehicle form, while the others were listening to Ratchet describe what was going on. The Norns knew that being low-key was needed when they ventured out of base. Skuld's vehicle mode was impossible to hide when she went out, but that was okay; they were planning on ending the status quo early this time.

"Now then, Arcee and Bumblebee should be returning soon with two other Humans. I would like for you to not overwhelm them, please."

Adamant shrugged, earning glares from the majority of the Autobots present.

"No promises."

A pair of engines were heard as Arcee and Bumblebee drove in, skidding to a halt so that Jack and Raf were protected. Arcee didn't even bother with greetings

"Optimus, where did these guys come from? Wheeljack just left, now we have eight new arrivals!?"

"Actually, it's more like twenty. We've got several others in stasis on our ship. Sparkscape, Meltdown, Outsider, Moonracer, I can't remember all the names right-"

The main thing with Autobot Outpost Omega 1 was that their primary liaison liked to interrupt at odd moments

" **PRIME!"**

"Agent Fowler. To what do we owe the pleasure?"

"Same as always; 'Cons. They tried a smash and grab which shot down my plane. I think they made a run for the D.N.G.S."

Anomaly and Test Track perked up at the acronym

"D.N.G.S.? What does that stand for?"

"Dynamic Nuclear Generation System. It's a prototype fusion generator that I was transporting to be fitted onto a warship. I still need to get it to its destination. Think the Groundbridge would wo-"

"No. Not an option."

All the Autobots and Humans turned to Test Track. The concept car didn't seem fazed by the sudden interest.

"This seems very touchy. If it has any problem with the turbulence of the Groundbridge, it'll irradiate the world thanks to how it's setup."

"Then what do you suggest, Prime?"

Showdown, who had stayed silent during the exchange, rumbled "We got a mighty convoy, truckin' through the night."

Fowler smiled. "Ain't it a beautiful sight?"

4.5 by myself:

Long haul was confused. One moment he was helping the Autobots steady several of their number who were inexplicably dying, next he was on some tropical island. He didn't even have his Terran wheels on him. It made no sense to him, but he was enjoying not being told to haul this or carry that. He was wandering an abandoned sugar plantation/refinery when he heard them. Fifteen or sixteen motors, all roaring near him. hiding behind some rusted and ruined equipment, he saw his preferred vehicle drive by, in his colors. Not wasting a second, he immediately scanned it and prepared to roll away. He considered destroying some of the vehicles and hesitated.

Did they deserve it? His brothers had ruined New York in fun, but when he was forced into hiding he knew that some of the humans were just like the people he had signed up to represent.

His crisis didn't last long, as he heard an Autobot arrive. He stopped and shut down his systems, hoping not to be noticed.

"That ain't gonna work mate. Figure you got knocked loose like me when Vector had his meltdown. Name's Leadfoot. Not sure where we're doin' here, but figure we ought to enjoy it. Come on; I'll take ya to the others at this festival."

Long Haul cautiously followed the Autobot, wondering just what was going on. Leadfoot's car mode seemed to bounce around a lot on the rough terrain, yet his own didn't so much as shake. Upon entering a coastal cave, he saw at least ten Autobots and Decepticons. Transforming, he stared in shock.

A black and teal Decepticon-his mind was telling him the name was Scourge-looked at him and said a single sentence that explained what was going on.

"Welcome, to Motorstorm."

4.1: I have no idea what's going here. At ALL

4.2: And apparently this is happening

4.3: Optimus is not having luck today

4.4: Universe Men, Universe Men, Size of the entire universe men… This is a continuation of Pandora and the Norns' vacation.

4.5: I got Motorstorm up as a 'safe-mode' loop. It's essentially a way to stuff dangerous loopers like Nanoha and Trixie or any member of the Dai-Gurren Brigade long enough for their universe to get patched. Long haul is one of several Transformers loopers who got shaken up thanks to the Mega Man loops.

Killswitch Engaged

AN: Screw it, I'm posting this. May just post full chapters by myself if worst comes to worst.

ANYway:

5.1 by crossoverpairinglover

Prime Megatron rolled his eyes at Knockout's new 'taste,' "Knockout...I normally give you a lot of flexibility on your 'quirks', but you have clearly gone too far this time. You are not able to function as a robot in disguise with that get up"

Knockout looked disturbed as he replied "But Lord Megatron sir... I have no idea why I look this way! I just woke up and bam, I'm a Van. A VAN!"

"Knockout Knocky Doo, where are you, We've got some work to do now..."

Knockout rapidly turned on Star Scream as he began singing, before morphing his arm into a buzz saw "What was that, Starscream!?"

Megatron promptly rolled his eyes as Knockout the Mystery Machine transformer tore his second in command apart.

Foolish Starscream.

5.2 by Masterweaver

"You know Scrapper," Bumblebee mused, "you seem to be taking the Loops rather well."

The constructicon shrugged. "My mom was a tiny yellow horse, she explained things."

"Ah. Makes sense. She have wings?"

"No, but she did wear a bow."

5.3 by jxz, given touch ups by Sieses Detkrah

Ranma and the Skywalker Anchors looked at the sight of what they had inevitably created, with great dread and uncertainty of what they could do

The loop had started as normal, in the "Vader" era. Ranma had replaced Obi-Wan, but that wasn't uncommon. Last time, Lina Inverse had replaced Obi-Wan.

Luke still smelled like Giga Slaves after that one.

Anyway, The member of the O7, the hero of the rebellion and the Jedi-turned-Sith had decided to see how much damage could they cause to the Death Star with a direct fight, as oppose to blowing it up from the inside or making a run at it with bombers, and that included using anything in their Pockets.

One thing lead to another, and the crazy really hit the fan when Ranma accidentally released another Death Star from his growing collection of them...

And two copies from the Movie-Variant of the Transformers' All Spark, which once was able to be kept in the Subspace Pocket, but this ability to lost after the Crash.

So, the resulting nightmare fuel would not happen again outside of a dedicated fused loop.

"I, Deathtronus, will conquer the galaxy!" The first Death Star shouted, having reshaped itself into a giant, humanoid robot with a lot of guns and a deep, scary voice

"No, brother! I, Staronius, will protect it, and all living things from your greed!" Ranma's own said in a deep, wise voice, having also turned

into a giant robot, with a shield and axe instead of all the guns.

"Then, we don't have other option, but to FIGHT TO THE DEATH!" Deathtronus said, charging his plasma cannon with his planet destroying blast.

"One shall rise, one shall FALL!" Staronius said, charging in with his axe and shield that could theoretically slice a planet in half.

Ranma only sighed inside a Millennium Falcon Ranma had bought off this loops Han. "And this, my folks, is why I usually keep the All-Sparks in uninhabited planets."

"... Has... Another thing... Touched an All-Spark?" Luke said, between trying to make his mouth work again and wake his father up, who collapsed at the sight of two sentient death star giant robots battling for the fate of the cosmos.

"Once, it touched ALL the mechas and Iron Man Armors Shinji and I had." Ranma shuddered at the memory. "It wasn't pretty."

"I don't want to know, do I?"

"No, no you do not. It's a long story, but involved a High School/Harem Fused Loop, three tons of pasta, and a bet gone horribly wrong."

5.4 by Gamerex27

The door to Maccadam's Oil House swung open. A small, blue mech walked in, shivering. He took a seat by the bar. "Something strong, please."

"Eeeyup," said the ancient mech tending the bar, grabbing a mug and filling it with some of the higher-grade Energon. He slid the mug across the table to the stranger, then reached for a second mug to give to the other, yellow mech at the bar.

Rock turned his head slightly, then nearly jumped out of his seat at the sight of yellow. "GAH!"

"AH!" Startled, Bumblebee fell off of his stool, slamming to the ground.

Taking a deep breath (even though Transformers didn't need to breathe, it still held a calming effect for Rock), the Mega Mech noticed that the yellow robot next to him was not the horrible thing that had terrorized him in the last Loop.

"Ow..." Bumblebee climbed back onto his stool, wincing at the combined pain from the fall and the persistent sting still wracking his throat from where an Awake Ratchet had installed a new voice box yet again. "You feeling Loopy?"

"Yeah," Rock sighed. "Sorry about scaring you...It's just that, last Loop, I had bad experiences with the color yellow. I'll have to ask Dad if he can change the color of the Mega Buster's shots next time he's Awake."

"What happened?" The Autobot scout asked.

"I was making my way through another one of Wily's mazes," Rock replied, "when this...thing started chasing me. Shooting it didn't work: no matter what I did, it just kept eating everything I shot it with, from the Mega Buster to the Saw Blades to everything else. It cornered me off a cliff, and next thing I knew, I Woke up here on Axiom Nexus."

"What did it look like?"

"I don't think it was one of Wily's robots, actually," Rock said. "It was some floating organic ball. It freaked me out, really."

"Sounds like you ran into Pac Man." Bumblebee took a swig of his Energon. "You run into him again, you have to attack him from

behind. Preferably if you're incorporeal at the time, since he can't fight back against ghosts."

"Thanks for the advice." Rock clinked his glass against Bumblebee's. "Since there doesn't seem to be any major fights in this Loop, I think I can finally take a breather. I need it, too," he said morosely, "after the horror movie I just went through."

5.5 by wildrook

"Foiled by bureaucracy..." the Tyrant Lizard King Predacon muttered. "That was the second most humiliating defeat I've ever experienced."

"What would be the first?" Terrorsaur asked him.

Then they noticed Rhinox feeling ill...and the other Predacons (and an awake Blackarachnia who IMMEDIATELY dashed over to the Maximal side) were uneasy.

"...That."

(Outside Prehistoric Earth...)

There was a fart noise heard.

5.6 by Scorntex

Megatron Awoke. Seconds later, he realised several things: One, that he was in a laboratory. Two, there were humans around. Three, a large chunk of his head was missing, and four, he was just a head. Which, in hindsight, made that last point even worse.

And while most of his Loop memories were badly fuzzy, he had a strong suspicion as to how this had happened.

What was worse, he really needed a drink. Or possibly several drinks. Lots of drinks. Enough to get Trypticon drunk.

If he had the ability, he would have sighed.

This had the words "long Loop" written all over it.

5.7 by Gamerex27 and wildrook

"How do you guys do this for more than a *minute,* much less a day?!" Ben complained, as his Upgrade form struggled to stay integrated with Bumblebee's alt mode. "I...can't...hold it...much...longer!"

"You just get used to it after a while," the Autobot replied. "Kind of like yoga. Heck, they make us do Transform-ups in some Loops in Autobot Boot Camp, to get us in sha-"

Bumblebee was cut off as Ben Tennyson slipped out of Bumblebee's chassis, and flopped to the ground with a resounding "thud."

"Okay," Ben said, returning to his normal body in a flash of red light, "remind me to *never* Upgrade your alt mode *again* ."

Sari then face-palmed. "We've got a LONG way to go," she muttered.

"Tell me about it," Max replied. "Still, at least you're easier to work with than Ultra Magnus."

5.8 by me

Eren wondered where Armin was taking him alongside Jean, Sasha, and Mikasa this loop. He said he found a group of allies, but Eren was needed to get them to join. They were in a canyon, and the rocks were large enough that he thought that Titans, if under the command of a leader, could ambush them all. He held his hand near his mouth just in case.

"Eren, don't worry. These guys will help us; you just need to knock some sense into them."

"Will we be there soon? I ate all my daily rations and I'm about to raid my Pocket for more!"

"Sasha, quiet! Armin always has a plan."

The majority dove for cover when a metallic... *thing* flew over screeching. Mikasa had her swords out and Sasha her bow, only for the flier to perch on a boulder.

"These those Loopy allies you told us about Armin?"

"Yes, Swoop. Now where's Grimlock? I promised him a fight with Eren so you guys would help us."

Swoop jumped off the boulder and shifted into a mechanical Titan, causing Eren to bite his hand and shift to protect his allies.

"Eren, stop! He's not the one you're going to fight!"

"So this is who you've got for the boss to fight. This'll be interesting, assuming Slug don't get uppity and gore him for no reason."

The others looked nervous at the thought of another mechanical Titan that could easily take down Eren. Swoop paused and leaned to face them.

"Sorry, where are my manners? I'm Swoop, bombardier and outsider liaison of the Dinobots. Armin ran into us the other day and asked for our help. Told Grimlock he'd get to fight the Anchor first. He accepted, but we're getting antsy."

"So, you're not a titan?"

"Titan? Primus no! I've met Metroplex a few times, but I ain't ever been a Titan! I doubt any of us could handle it."

Reassured by the friendly, if rambling, tone of Swoop, they followed him into a clearing where five more mechanical Titans lay. Armin started pointing and naming each one. The one that was smallest was actually *called* Dinobot, but when with the others he was Slash. The largest was a ponderous brute named Sludge, who seemed content in the pond he was resting it. The next two were Slug and

Snarl, a pair of spiky quadrupeds who both had nasty tempers. The last, and by far the most menacing, was Grimlock.

"This be our challenger? Look like he go down in two, three hits. Not much challenge for Me Grimlock to take out. He be one of you Armin's stonger 'Titan' enemies?"

"Yes, Grimlock. The only one I know of that's tougher is Re-er, the Armored Titan. Slug would be able to break his armor in one charge."

Before anyone could prepare, Eren roared and tried to tackle Grimlock, who broke one of his legs with his tail. This didn't stop Eren, who bit into Grimlock's neck and threw him into a cliff. Slug looked over, and Sludge had woken from his nap. The Dinobot leader roared and exhaled a long gout of flame, covering Eren to the point where seeing him would be hard. It didn't help much, as he came charging through and punched Grimlock across the head, shattering his fist in the process. The alien lizard bit down on his other arm, ripping the fist off and throwing it up, swallowing it.

"Eren not stronger than Grimlock! If this be strength of Titans here, why fight them?"

"Because if you don't, they'll just keep eating us like you did his hand!"

"Don't bother; once Grim's like this it takes a bit to knock him out of it. Your friend's doin' real well considering he lost both hands and has a bad leg."

"That won't stop Eren. In Baseline he loses all his limbs and takes down his enemies anyway."

Grimlock moved to face his opponent, crouching and surging forward, intent on finishing the fight and knocking Eren out of his Titan form. When he almost got within bite distance, Eren slapped him with his mangled hand, sending Grimlock flying into another cliff.

Roaring, Eren jumped onto the prone form and slammed his head into the rocks multiple times. Swoop smiled at the sight.

"Well, it looks like we'll be following ya. So, where're we headed to crack skulls?"

"Trost. We're lucky it hasn't happened yet, but you guys will make it if not easier, a whole lot more hilarious."

Eren had returned to his human form and glared at Grimlock.

"You fight with me to take down the Titans, or I'll kill you."

"Grimlock call that fair. Never was one to tolerate bullies."

Armin started telling the others to get on the Dinobots, so they could charge into Trost and take down the attacking Titans. This time, it was going to be interesting to see how they handled the trial.

5.Я by me

Pandora knew the her branch was safe thanks to Vector's terminal to chat with her. Didn't change the fact that she wanted to go find Hestia and cry.

"Are you okay, Pandora?"

Thank the universe she knew when to appear. Getting up from her terminal (which had a growing collection of toys that she asked the Norns to get whenever they were in their loop, notably a well-painted Vector) she all but lunged into Hestia's arms.

"They solved the problem on their own in the worst way possible."

Stroking the crying goddess, Hestia saw the input from Vector on her terminal:

Lady Pandora, Ultra Magnus led a team to activate the Universal Killswitch. They modified it to cross into all subsets I was supporting

and took out the Яeverse infected Transformers.

"It's alright child, it's alright. Your domain is safe, and your charges solved the problem."

"Doesn't change the fact that Vector and I had to fucking watch them commit multiversal genocide. Not even Ares at his worst advocated such a thing."

"I know child, I know."

5.1 The funny thing is the 'Cons now HAVE a van Medic, so this is double the hilarity

5.2 The Constructicons are looping. ALL OF THEM.

5.3 This was a Noodle Incident in the Innortal era, now explained here

5.4 Big Macintosh, Bumblebee, and Mega Man walk into a bar…

5.5 Well, apparently this is happening. Again and again. Poor Megatron, to be defeated by Siege-Grade Flatulence.

5.6 Well, this means that either Galvatron is amenable to Prime, or things are going to get weird.

5.7 Ben 10 has a long way to go…

5.8 Dinobots on Titan. It's horribly one-sided in their favor.

5.Я This was part of the Halloween special. All I have to say about what happened is that it works like a cheese grater on the soul. Meanwhile, meet Hestia!